'A people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by their descendants."—Macauley.

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Frontier History, Border Tragedy, Pioneer Achievement

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Vol. 2—No. 11 AUGUST, 1925. $1.50 Per Year

Only 19 Survivors of the Mexican War

American Legion Weekly, June 19, 1925.

On a farm near Rippey, a village of less than five hundred in Greene County, Iowa, is the oldest living veteran of the War with Mexico on the pension rolls of the United States. He is Daniel Gonder, going strong into his second century. On another farm, near Granite City, Illinois, is John Wedig, also a soldier of that war and a centenarian only two days younger than Veteran Gonder. The Pension Bureau reports nineteen survivors of the war of 8146-'48 of whom the youngest is David Irvin of Pilgrim, Texas. He is only a few months past ninety-two, a mere stripling in that galaxy of old-timers.

Two of the nineteen are past one hundred, two are ninety-nine, three ninety-seven, four ninety-six, two ninety-five, two ninety-three, and one is ninety-two. Their average age is ninety-six. The list of names and services is given elsewhere. If there be any survivors besides those on pension rolls, there is no record.

The names of Grant and Lee, McClellan and Meade, Jefferson Davis and Jackson and the two Johnstons—all of whom, incidentally, fought in the Mexican War live in the speech of thousands of survivors of the War between the States; these nineteen speak as familiarly, as having seen and heard of Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor

Who are these survivors? Are they in the world of today and of it?

Meet Amasa Clark of Bandera, Texas, in his treasured uniform, as he steps outside the door to have his picture taken. Veteran Clark will be one hundred next September 3rd, but neither his erect figure nor his easy aplomb suggest it. Meet smiling Uriah Gasaway, ninety-five, of Reelsville, Indiana, who writes for this article that he was "in every battle General Scott fought." Meet Veteran Gonder, the dean of the group, who told the folks at the birthday reception at his home last January 5th—when he reached one hundred—that a soldier in '46-'48 received seven dollars a month and "if he desired a change of food he bought his own potatoes or cabbage or foraged in the neighborhood of the camp, as the soldiers were given only hardtack and water, except when sick, when they got tea."

Granted that in the verdict of history the war of the late '40's was an unjust war, instigated and pressed by a powerful nation for selfish ends, the country holds its soldiers and sailors who served in it in admiration and gratitude; they did their duty as they saw it.

July 4th next will be the seventy seventh anniversary of President Polk's proclamation of peace with Mexico. No reunion of veterans of the Mexican invasion is suggested, but the occasion serves to recall the events of that war and the presence of a few of its survivors among us.

Texas, occupied largely by settlers from the United States, had declared its independence of Mexico in 1836. It was annexed and admitted into the Union in 1845. Mexico had not recognized its independence and its southwest boundary was in dispute. Texas claimed it was the Rio Grande River; Mexico held it was the Nueces River, farther east. When Texas was admitted, President Polk ordered General Taylor with troops into the disputed territory. Taylor moved on down to the mouth of the Rio Grande, but stopped on the Texan side.

Mexico protested that her territory was being invaded. A body of Mexican troops crossed the river and attacked some Americans. Taylor thereupon defeated them in two battles, at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, both north of the Rio Grande. War had not yet been declared, but the act of the Mexicans in crossing the river—into what they con-

tended was their own territory—and attacking American citizens was accepted by President and Congress as justification for formal declaration that "by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between that Government and the United States."

In the war enthusiasm that prevailed throughout most of the states, and particularly in the South, it is said that more than 200,000 persons offered their services. The muster rolls give a net total of 83,776 men in the military and naval service against Mexico. At that, sentiment was far from unanimous. Abraham Lincoln, then a member of the lower house of Congress, in his "Spot Resolutions" challenged the President's declaration that Mexico had "become the aggressor by invading our soil in hostile array and shedding the blood of our citizens," and called on him to inform the House whether the spot on which the blood of our citizens had been shed was or was not at the time our own soil.

More important issues than a boundary dispute were at stake. Grant in his memoirs states: "The occupation, separation and annexation (of Texas) were, from the inception of the movement of its final consummation, a conspiracy to acquire territory out of which slave States might be formed for the American Union."

Taylor crossed the Rio Grande and went on to victories at Monterey and Buena Vista. General Scott landed an army at Vera Cruz and campaigned his way to the capture of the city of Mexico. Kearney led an army through New Mexico and California, then Mexican states.

By the terms of the peace, not only was the Rio Grande established as the Texan boundary, but New Mexico and California were ceded to the United States, an area almost as large as the Louisiana Purchase. In consideration for this cession, the United States paid Mexico $15,000,000.

In a belief that the people of the United States have a peculiar interest in the survivors of an almost forgotten war, interviews with them were sought by mail. Responses, for the most part, are in the handwriting of the younger generation, but their spirit is unmistakably that of men who have fought for their country and are proud of it. Some of the nineteen are invalids from whom no statements were obtainable.

From Marshfield, Oregon, Robert Starkey, ninety-six, "Uncle Bob" in his community, sends this: "I enlisted in the United States Navy at New Orleans in March, 1847. The enlisting officer was David D. Porter, who became an admiral in the Civil War. We went by frigate to Vera Cruz and took part in the bombardment. I served out my enlistment on the ship and after the war went West. I have lived in Oregon for about sixty years and am an honest-to-goodness pioneer."

Veteran Gasaway enlisted in the Regular Army at Bedford, Kentucky, for five years. He was sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.

"The war came on," he writes, "and my regiment was ordered there. We went by boat down the Mississippi to New Orleans, embarked on a man-of-war and crossed the Gulf to Vera Cruz, at which place I was among the first to land. I was in all the campaign following, ending with the capture of the City of Mexico; was in every battle General Scott fought. I helped eat Santa Anna's supper when he had to leave for fear of capture. Of the enlisted men in my company, there were only twenty-eight left when peace was declared. I voted for President the first time in 1848."

In the spring of 1847, Daniel Gonder was a farm hand. He volunteered and was sent to Vera Cruz. When his regiment arrived at Mexico City, it was already in American hands. His company was assigned to convoy duty and later was detached for patrol service in Pueblo. He moved to Iowa in 1884, and settled on a farm near Rippey. On the occasion of the neighborhood reception signalizing his one hundredth birthday last January, a checkup disclosed that he had four children living, twenty grandchildren, fifty-eight great-grandchildren and twenty-one great-great-grandchildren. The Pension Bureau's 1924 report has it that he was born January 5, 1826, which would make him a year younger than his own count. We accept his count.

But weren't any of these old warriors with Taylor's army? Some were, certainly. There's Colonel James M. Holmes, ninety-nine, of Owensboro, Ken-

tucky, for instance. He was Private Holmes throughout his Mexican War service but acquired the title as a lieutenant colonel in the Civil War. Veteran Holmes was a member of Captain McCullough's (also spelled "McCulloch's") company of Texas Rangers, which was detached from its regiment and kept for scouting duty by General Taylor. By the Pension Bureau statement, he was born November 10, 1824, which would make him, and not Veteran Gonder, the oldest survivor. But from Owensboro comes word that he was born in 1825; so what can one do?

Only one of the veterans lives in that part of the United States acquired through the war—Oliver J. Stough of San Diego, California. He was in an Ohio regiment. According to the official roster of that State, he enlisted May 27, 1846, and was discharged August 22, 1846, on a surgeon's certificate of disability. The disability proved only temporary, for Veteran Stough has attained the fine age of ninety-seven years.

One of the best letters comes from Veteran Clark, down in Texas. He was born in Schoharie County, New York, and enlisted at Albany. He took part in the bombardment of Vera Cruz and all the battles under Scott.

"After Cerro Gordo," he recalls, "we were camped at Pan del Rey I belonged to General Twigg's division. Our hardtack gave out and we were issued flour up in a quart cup and roast our bread in the hot ashes. General Scott started up from Vera Cruz with about 12,000 men, but only about 6,000 got into the city of Mexico.

"After the battle of Churubusco, the American soldiers captured some deserters. They hanged sixteen of them and flogged sixteen. General Twiggs had them strapped to a tree and had a large Mexican to whip them. He told the Mexican if he didn't whip them hard he would flog him."

Uncle Sam's soldiers in that war seem to have had the same singular sense of humor that characterized the Yanks in the late one, for the Clark account goes on:

...."My regiment went down the aqueduct that conducts water into the city of Mexico. On our way down, I saw a man run behind a tree. About that time a cannon ball cut through the tree just above his head. He left the tree, still laughing."

Veteran Clark states: "This is on my discharge: 'Private Amasa Clark distinguished himself for bravery and good conduct in the bombardment of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and the street fight in the city of Mexico.' "

And then from the old war dog, this:

"I had two sons in the World War and two grandsons. One of my sons, Orange Clark, was in the Marines and the other son, Alvin Clark, was in the Air Service."

Regular old fighting he-men, these Mexican war survivors. And there are but nineteen of them.

It was the editor's happy privilege to meet Dr. T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering of the Texas University, at the reunion of Old Settlers of Bandera County, July 3rd. Dr. Taylor just happened along, and greatly enjoyed the gathering of the old timers. He is interested in the preservation of Texas history, and frequently contributes interesting articles to Frontier Times and other publications bearing on this subject. His story of the Lee-Peacock Feud will soon appear in this magazine.

Life of John Wesley Hardin.

This thrilling story will begin in the September number of Frontier Times. If your subscription is about to expire you should renew at once so you will not miss the opening installment. John Wesley Hardin was quite a noted character in the early days, and this story will depict his true character. Don't miss it.

We have a few copies of the pamphlet, "Heel Fly Time in Texas," left on hand, which we will send postpaid for 25 cents. A thrilling story of the Civil War period, true in every detail, and full of human interest. Order today from Frontier Times, Bandera, Texas.

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"Old Whip" was a Noted Horse

A. J. Dowell in San Antonio Light,1912.

About 1821 or 1822 a man named Allen Vince came to Texas from Missouri as a part of the colony of Stephen F. Austin, and settled above the mouth of a small bayou which empites into the Buffalo Bayou—now the Houston ship channel—about twenty miles below the present city of Houston. Here he had a grant of land located. He erected a house and started a stock ranch. For convenience in passing from one side of the bayou to the other he constructed a narrow, rough, but strong, cedar bridge, and Vince's bayou and Vince's bridge became famous in Texas history in connection with the battle of San Jacinto. The people in traveling from east to west, crossed on this famous little bridge, and soon a public road led from Lynch's ferry, on the San Jacinto river, to all points west of Vince's bayou.

Mr. Vince also opened a farm on the east side of the Brazos river within the present southern limits of Fort Bend county, and raised fine crops of corn there. Besides cattle at his ranch on the bayou he had some good horses, among which was a large, coal black stallion, called "Old Whip."

In April, 1836, when Santa Anna arrived suddenly at this bayou ranch with his army, the occupants hastily fled, leaving many horses behind, among which was the black stallion. Santa Anna had these horses gathered up for the use of his army and appropriated "Old Whip," to serve as his own particular horse—transferring his fine $300 saddle from the back of an inferior mount—and rode away to New Washington on the bayshore, crossing all his men and baggage on the little bridge, except a 12-pound cannon and caison and a wagon of ammunition, which he was afraid would break it down, and which he sent around the head of the bayou in charge of a company of troops, commanded by General Castrillon. General Houston came along soon after with his army and crossed on the same bridge and after him came General Cos with 500 more Mexican troops.

Colonel Delgado, who was on the staff of Santa Anna, says, in his notes of the campaign, that after arriving at New Washington and burning a warehouse there, and taking possession of other property, the president sent him out with a detachment to bring in some cattle which were to be slaughtered for the use of the army. So plentiful were they in that country that they soon rounded up 100 head and drove them to camp. These cattle were raised in Fort Bend county and belonged to Dr. Johnson Hunter. They had been driven from his ranch on Oyster creek ahead of the Mexican army, in an effort to save them, but were abandoned on the San Jacinto prairie at the approach of the army under Santa Anna. There were about 600 head of these cattle, and that accounts for them being so numerous in this country, as stated by Colonel Delgado in the comments above referred to.

Delgado further says that when a scout came galloping in and informed Santa Anna that the Texans had also crossed Vince's bayou and were close upon his rear, it seemed to have alarmed him to an unreasonable extent, considering his military achievements and fame in Mexico.

"He at once mounted his horse," says Delgado, "and dashed back toward the prairie through a narrow lane crowded with pack mules and soldiers, riding over and knocking them to one side in piles, and shouting at the top of his voice, "The enemy are coming! The enemy are coming!' "

This had a tendency to demoralize the Mexican troops, and instead of making an effort to form and face the enemy, they sought safety in flight. No order could be restored until a squad of cavalry came in and reported that the Texans had gone into camp on Buffalo bayou. Santa Anna then moved up with his army and went into camp facing the Texans about half a mile to the south.

On the day of the battle Santa Anna had the famous black horse near him, and when he saw the conflict was going against him and while Castrillion and Almonte were vainly endeavoring to rally the panic-stricken Mexican troops, mounted and set out across the prairie towards Vince's bridge, leaving Captain Henry

Karnes and his troopers, who went in pursuit of him, far behind. The bridge, however had been burned by Deaf Smith, and when the fugitive president of Mexico arrived there, he essayed to cross the boggy little bayou. But "Old Whip" stuck fast in the mire, and he was compelled to abandon him and the fine saddle and hide himself in a thicket. Karnes and his men came upon the scene later and rescued the horse, who was a woeful sight when he came out, his black, glossy coat being covered with mud and slime. The noble animal was well cared for and restored to Vince, who kept him for many years on his ranch. He died there, and, for a horse, at a very advanced age. He was a magnificent traveler, moving under the saddle like he was on springs.

Some accounts state that Santa Anna rode a mule at San Jacinto, and the writer once saw a picture of Santa Anna leaving the battle on a mule, but the true account is as I have stated it. My authority is Captain John R. Fenn, late of Houston, now deceased. He was captured at Fort Bend by Almonte's men, but made his escape while the Mexicans were firing on the steamboat Yellowstone. He said he knew "Old Whip" well and that he was one of the most powerful horses in the country and that he did not wonder at Santa Anna riding down pack mules and soldiers when mounted on him.

Noah Smithwick, who, with others, arrived in the Texan camp the day after the battle says in his book, "The Evolution of a State:

"We luckless wights who failed to get into the fight got no share of the spoils, which were quite considerable. Santa Anna's horse and accoutrements were, by common consent, given to General Houston, whose horse was shot from under him in the fight. The saddle fairly glittered wth gold, which Santa Anna said was solid and valued at $600, but it was subsequently ascertained that it was only plated. The horse, a magnificent black stallion had been taken from Allen Vince, which, coming to Houston's knowledge, he promptly restored to his owner."

The saddle was put up and sold to the highest bidder and was bought in by General Lamar for $300

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A Gallant Texas Ranger

Dallas Semi-Weekly FarmNews, July 10, 1925.

Did you know that the Texas Legislature once passed a bill presenting a special model rifle to a citizen in recognition of services rendered to the State as an Indian fighter?

Since 1873, when the Thirteenth Legislature awarded Capt. Dan W. Roberts of Austin, old Texas Ranger, with a .44-caliber rifle for the heroic stand which he and six of his companions took against a band of Indians, no other Legislature has recognized an individual's bravery to the extent of awarding him with firearms.

As a further testimonial of the State's appreciation, Roberts was appointed a Captain by Gov. Richard Coke in the newly organized Texas Ranger Corps.

The particular incident which called forth the action of the Legislature was Roberts' brave leadership of a posse of six men against a band of thirty Indians, who had killed and scalped many early Texas settlers, in a fight which took place near the present location of Johnson City, Blanco county. Roberts was severely wounded in the attack, but the Indians were routed and forced to flee. Several of their numbers were slain by the pioneers and this tribe was never again seen in Texas.

H. C. King of Kendall county, member of the Texas Senate, heard of the fight and visited Capt. Roberts, who lay in bed convalescing from the wounds received in the scrimmage. After hearing the details of the attack, Senator King returned to Austin and introduced a bill which provided for money to be appropriated for purchasing of a new model rifle for Capt. Roberts in recognition of the State's appreciation. The measure passed both houses and Senator King was authorized to buy the rifle and present it to Capt. Roberts.

Senator King again went to see Capt. Roberts, presenting him with the rifle in the name of the State of Texas. On a silver plate attached to the rifle these words were engraved:

"Presented to Dan W. Roberts by the Thirteenth Legislature of the State of Texas."

The game stand of Roberts against the band of Indians caused Gov. Coke to realize the State's need for a strong and well-organized body of men to protect the frontier of Texas. Soon after the Johnson City Indian fight a bill was passed by the Thirteenth Legislature upon the recommendation of Gov. Coke, providing for the appropriation of $75,000 for the organizing of a battalion of Texas Rangers. This battalion was to consist of six full companies, rank and file, each company having forty men.

With the passing of the bill, Gov. Coke sent a letter by a special messenger to Roberts offering him a commission as Lieutenant in the newly organized Texas ranger corps. In the letter the Governor said, "I will not accept no for an answer." After considerable deliberation, Roberts accepted the offer and reported to Gov. Coke for his commission.

After two years' service Lieut. Roberts was offered a captaincy, and he served in this capacity for seven years, when he retired from active service on a Government pension. Trouble arising from the wound received in the Johnson City fight brought about his retirement at a comparatively young age.

Today the old ranger is deaf and feeble. He is very reluctant about talking of his Indian fights, but on one occasion he was induced to relate a few of his experiences.

"I remember well, sir, the first Indian fight I took part in," the old ranger said. "One morning fifty-two years ago I learned that the redskins had killed two of my friends and their wives. My blood boiled, and I jumped on my horse and set out alone, determined to kill the first bunch of Indians I met. Following tracks which I found, I was joined by six of the boys who were whooping mad when told about the redskins. We all agreed to go together after them.

"After we had galloped in pursuit for about an hour we caught sight of the Indians straight in front of us. They were riding single file toward a ravine, and we counted thirty in the party. Before we reached the gully the Indians

began firing. Each man became his own commander as we dismounted and kneeled behind rocks.

"I saw a white feather sticking up out of the gully. A rifle muzzle appeared and then an Indian's copper, paint-covered face. We both aimed at each other, but I beat him to the tripper. Ping! Right straight up in the air the Indian jumped, and then he crumpled in front of me. There he lay, his body shining in the sun and a stream of crimson blood gushing out a hole in his forehead."

"Thats all I remember. The Indians got enough and left," Capt Roberts sighed.

The old ranger had purposely omitted that part of the story which told of his being wounded in the thigh by a redskin, how he was carried several miles by his companions before his wounds were properly cared for, and how he had been given a rifle by the Legislature because of his valor.

Capt. Roberts is now 84, and despite his feebleness and limp in his right leg, goes out each morning for a long walk. He eats a hearty breakfast, a frugal luncheon and sleeps most of the afternoon. Capt. Roberts declares that he nono. Captain Roberts declares that he will live to be 100 years old, but regrets he will never be able to take part in another Indian fight.

Origin of the Name Jim Ned.

By W. K. Baylor

The stream in Texas bearing the name Jim Ned was named for Jim Ned, the chief of the Delaware Indians. These Indians were the aborigines of West Virginia and Kentucky and long disputed the settlement of the white people in that regeon. When their home in the forest covered mountains of Virginia and Kentucky and the valley of the Ohio became no longer tenable because of the impact of the great invasion of the white men, driving one tribe against another and breaking off detachments which could never again join the parent tribe, they emigrated westward, scattering from the Great Lakes to Texas. The detached part which took refuge in Texas was associated with the kindred tribe of the Kickapoos and with the Cherokees. It is not known when they settled in Texas. They seem to have been on friendly terms with everybody, whites and Indians. They were interpreters and messengers of peace on numerous occasions, and no act of hostility is recorded against them.

The Delawares redeemed numerous prisoners from the wild tribes, and, so far as known, never sought profit by it. They were chiefly instrumental in bringing in all the other tribes to the general treaty at Bird's Fort, in 1843, and three of them accompanied Capt. Eldridge and Hamilton P. Bee on their dangerous mission the same year.

After annexation many Delawares were employed as guides and interpreters for the regular army and one, John Connor, was interpreter at the Comanche Agency. This Indian was given a grant of land for his faithful service to the State. There were two other Delawares, Jim Shaw and Jack Hunter, employed as guides and interpreters for the troops stationed at Camp Cooper and other posts in North Texas. I knew those three Indians well. In a former article I mentioned the killing of Jack Hunter by the Comanches.

Jim Ned, has left his name on a beautiful strean, a tributary of the Colorado and on several springs, and other objects notable in early times.

Several creeks and branches bear the name of Delaware, the principal of which flows into the Pecos near the south boundary of New Mexico.

The surviving Delawares are scattered among numerous agencies and reservations, from Ontario to Oklahoma. The first settlers of Texas honored and respected the Delawares for their many noble traits of character and the great service they rendered them at a time when their service was of incalculable value. Natural objects have been named for them to perpetuate their memory; They signed the treaty of 1843, made at Bird's Fort. In 1855 they were located on the lower Indian reservation in Texas, with other straggling remnants of tribes and were moved to the Indian Territory in 1859 with all the Indians on the Texas reservations. Our Delawares, who a few years back were at the Wichita Agency in Oklahoma, numbered less than a hundred.

The stream was named for a Delaware. Let it be their monument, and not the monument of another tribe.

Amon B. King and Aaron B. King

James M. Robertson, Meridian, Texas.

Captain Amon B. King, the subject of this sketch was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in the year 1807. He had an elder brother who left Maryland for the West about 1825, and was never heard from. He had two sisters, Mrs. Harriet R. Hyatt, who died in Washington City about 1915, leaving several children surviving her, one of whom, Alpheus Hyatt, was a few years since, a professor of history in Cambridge. The other sister, Mrs. Louisa Stearns, died some thirty-five years ago, leaving two children, William B. Stearns, who was a prominent railroad builder in Massachusetts, and Francis L. G., who married Major Simms and she died some two years ago.

In 1827, Amon B. King bade his mother, then Mrs. Mary Ann Camp, wife of Dr. Joseph Camp of Baltimore, to whom she had married after the death of the father of Amon B. King, and his sisters above named, farewell and started on his western journey to gather furs. His immediate family never heard of him any more until soon after the battle of Goliad, when they learned in a round about way, that he was murdered.

Amon B. King landed in Paducah, Kentucky, in 1832, and in 1833, 1834 and 1835 he was city marshal of the city of Paducah. In the late fall of 1835 Captain Wyatt, with his Georgia battalion, came down the Tennessee river on their way to Texas and stopped off a day and two nights in Paducah, and while there marched upon the streets of Paducah with their band of music, making talks and appeals throughout the city as they went, telling of their mission to Texas and urging young men to join them on their mission. Amon B. King became enthused with their appeal, resigned his office of city marshal, bade his sweetheart final goodbye, assuring her that immediately at the close of the Texas Revolution he would return for her and they would be married. Among the effects of Amon B. King at that time was a large wooly dog to which he was greatly attached, and he left this dog in the care of his expected wife, joined the Wyatt company and sailed down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and thence down the Mississippi to Natches, where they landed. From Natches they marched across the country through Louisiana, landing at old Washington, on the Brazos the day before Christmas, 1835.

Here the men all regularly enlisted in the Texas army, but in the meantime Amon B. King had organized a company of his own, largely from Maryland, and had been elected captain of said company, and his selection as captain was ratified and approved by General Sam Houston.

On December 27, 1835, Captain Amon B. King, with his company and others, were ordered to march across the country to Copano Bay in order to prevent Mexicans from further invading Texas.

Captain Amon B. King finally drifted into Fannin's command, and shortly before the battle of Goliad, he was ordered to Refugie to protect the women and children from the Mexicans. Upon his arrival at Refugio, he found a large force of the Mexican army on the ground and at once sent back to Col. Fannin for assistance, which was granted. Captain King and all these men were soon overpowered by the Mexican army, and on April 16, 1836, Captain King, after having his arm broken by a Mexican ball, and after he and his little remnant of men had been lashed and caused to walk through prickly pears with their bare feet, Captain King and his men were all shot down and given no sort of chance to defend themselves.

A majority of the Texas historians call him Captain Aaron B. King, but this is a great blunder and error. The one-third league headright of Captain King, as also his 640-acre donation and 1920-acre bounty, are all located and patented in Bosque county.

In 1890, parties in King William County, Virginia, brought suits in the Federal Court at Waco, to recover all this land on the ground that they were the legal heirs of Aaron B. King, for whom all these lands were intended.

The writer was employed by the heirs of Amon B. King above named, to defend and assist in defending these suits, and try and prevent their recovery from

the heirs of Captain Amon B. King and their vendees. The heirs being unable to furnish but little data as to the family of Amon B. King, and all of them being non-residents, the writer was forced to occupy the two-fold position of being attorney and client.

The writer began his investigation first finding that the headright certificate was issued by the Board of Land Commissioners of Washington county, in 1838, and it was issued to the heirs of Aaron B. King. Upon examination of the donation and bounty land warrants, it was found that the donation for 640 acres was issued to A. B. King, while the bounty for 1920 acres was issued in two bounty warrants of 960 acres each, one to the heirs of Amon B. King, and the other to the heirs of A. B. King.

Upon digging into old records of the Comptroller's office found in the basement and rubbish of the capital at Austin, made in 1839, old records were found showing that in 1839 Mary Ann Camp and her husband Joseph Camp had visited Texas, produced satisfactory evidence that she was the mother of Captain Amon B. King and obtained his pay warrants. The records in the General Land Office gave similar evidence, but not so strong as to the name, whether Amon or Aaron. The original patents to these lands were all issued following the certificates.

The Virginia heirs of Aaron B. King established the fact that there was a man named Aaron B. King, who left King William County, Virginia, in 1835, saying that he was going to Texas, and that he was never heard from after he left until after the battle of Goliad, when it was reported that he had been killed. These and other facts, not necessary to mention, raised an issue of identity as to the King for whom the certificates had been intended, and as to his name, whether Amon or Aaron.

Some old Texas histories made a brief note of the fact that Captain King hailed from Paducah, Kentucky, and a full investigation revealed King had been city marshal at Paducah when he resigned his office to come to Texas. As city marshal he had been required to make bond, and upon searching city records his original bond was found but it was simply signed "A. B. King." Three old people were found who remembered King and the fact that he was city marshal, one of whom was the lady with whom King had made his promise of marriage immediately at the close of the Texas Revolution, and with whom he left his woolly dog. The depositions of these people were taken, but neither of them, except this affiancee, knew the Christian name of King, but they all accounted for him so clearly and the fact that he left with Wyatt and his men, as to be convincing that he was in fact the man who fell at Goliad.

A photograph of this old official bond was taken, exact size, and a certified copy procured. It was then learned from history that a short time before the battle of Goliad, Fannin and all his men had petitioned the Legislature to grant to the Texas Army certain concessions, etc. Again, a dive was made among the old rubbish in the basement of the capitol for this petition, and luckily it was found, but again the signature thereto was simply A. B. King, but it clearly appeared to be the identical signature made to the bond of city marshal at Paducah. A photograph of the signature to this bond was taken, exact size, a certified copy procured and depositions of the two photographers, one in Paducah, Kentucky, and the other of Austin, so as to admit both photographs in evidence.

A few other matters were brought to light, when, upon examination of the Virginia Kings and their attorneys, it was simply admitted as being clearly proven, that the King who fell at Goliad was "AMON" and not Aaron, and the suits dismissed.

Many other immaterial points could be stated showing the fact that it was Amon and not Aaron, but they are not deemed necessary. This article is written with the sole view that our Texas histories may be unswervingly true, and in memory of one whom I never knew, but one who gave his life to redeem this beautiful Texas soil and pass it down to those of this day.

Subscriptions to Frontier Times should be renewed promptly to avoid missing a single issue. In renewing your subscription or changing addressi be sure to give former address.

Seeks Truth About Philip Nolan

By Rev. J. M. Dawson, Waco, Texas., in Dallas News.

A movement among Wacoans will be headed by Librarian John K. Strecker of Baylor University to collect all possible data relating to Philip Nolan, first Anglo-American to lead as expedition into Texas more than a century and a quarter ago, who perished at the hands of the jealous Spaniards in reach of "the arms of God" and lies buried in an unknown grave near Waco.

An excellent beginning has been made in the K. H. Aynesworth Library of Texas History, which is a notable part of Baylor's library, consisting of several thousand volumes and documents relating to Texas, some of them of great value, gathered by the donor through long years. In this collection may be found abundant references to Philip Nolan of a more elaborate sort than those in the popular histories. Baylor's experience with the now famous Browning collection, much the largest in the world, tends to show how such collections grow and what an astonishing store of information can be accumulated upon a given subject.

The story of Philip Nolan, one of the most romantic annals of the Southwest and one of the most significant in the history of the United States, has been much confused. Dr. Edward Everett Hale made Philip Nolan the unhappy hero of his "Man Without a Country." While walking with that distinguished gentleman in a processional at some function of Yale University many years ago President S. P. Brooks of Baylor, then a a graduate student in Yale, was urged by Dr. Hale to choose the discoverer of Waco for the subject of his thesis. Dr. Brooks, allured by the theme, decided to do so, but when he began to look up authorities he found many of them referred to Hale, and when he looked up the Hale references he saw Hale cited Hale, so that with keen disappointment he turned away from the subject to one that yielded more certain results. In a letter to Editor George Robinson of the Waco Times-Herald afterward Dr. Hale admitted that the hero of "The Man Without a Country" was wholly fictitious, but was supposed to be Philip Nolan's brother. It transpires Dr. Hale's suggestion to Dr. Brooks to go to the bottom of the Philip Nolan filibuster is yet to bear fruit.

With all the historical research thus far historians are not agreed as to whether Philip Nolan, as stated by one Richards, who deserted from Nolan's party, intended to build a fort from whose base he would explore the country, locate mines and after getting enough horses would lead an army of Americans to the conquest of Texas, was merely engaged in the profitable if hazardous contraband business of buying and selling wild horses, was responding to a scientific request of President Thomas Jefferson, was unconsciously the agent of President Jefferson in collecting information about the little known country of the Tehas, or was acting with Aaron Burr with treasonable designs upon the United States in the hope of establishing a kingdom in the West.

It does not seem difficult to refute any possible connection of Philip Nolan with Aaron Burr. Burr was not elected to the vice presidency until after Nolan's death, and it was five years later, following the duel with Alexander Hamilton, that Burr was charged with conspiracy in the high-flown dream of the "Kingdom of the West." Possibly the credence given this theory is the association of both Nolan's and Burr's name with that of General James Wilkinson. Nolan was a protege of Wilkinson, who was commander in chief of the United States Army, and Wilkinson commended Nolan to the attention of President Jefferson. Later Wilkinson was accused of plotting with Burr and his name in this way naturally became associated with Nolan in the conspiracy.

It appears that after many trips into the Spanish territory in the business of catching wild horses, the dashing young Irishman, Philip Nolan received a letter from Monticello from Jefferson, dated June 24, 1798, in which it was stated that the President had heard much of him as knowing more than any one else about the large herds of wild horses west of the Mississippi, and that there was a

strong desire to know the details of the life and habits of these interesting animls before they became extinct in order that the Society might be informed.

"I wish you not to be anxious about the form in which the information is given, since the exactness of the substance is alone material," the letter said.

General Wilkinson later wrote the President as follows:

"Headquarters on the Mississippi May 22, 1800

"Sir:

"In the bearer of the letter, Mr. Philip Nolan, you will behold the Mexican traveler, a specimen of whose discoveries I had the honor to submit you in the winter of 1793. Mr. Nolan's subsequent excursions have been more extensive and his observations more accurate. He feels pride in offering himself to your investigations, and I am persuaded you will find pleasure in his details of a country, soil, climate, population, improvements of which so little are known to us. An acquaintance of many years, from his early youth, authorizes me to vouch for Nolan's high sense of probity. Dare I, sir, I would recommend him to your kindness and acknowledge myself obliged by any courtesy you may offer him. With profound respect and attachment,

J. A. WILKINSON."

It has been urged by some that Jefferson was far more interested in the details of the country to which General Wilkinson refers than in wild horses. Be that as it may, the suspicious Spanish Governor saw no good in Nolan's wild horse chase. When Nolan set out with twenty men from Natchez the Mexican Consul here received word from the Spanish Governor at San Antonio to intercept him. Possibly Nolan might discover some of the rich gold mines thought to be in Texas and would incite greedy Americans to a movement to wrest Texas out of Spanish hands. Fortunately Nolan had secured, on previous expeditions in Texas from General Pedro de Nava, a passport with which now he managed to get past all interference. Ellis P. Bean, one of Nolan's party, has given considerable account of the long trek which ended so tragically at the Brazos a short distance below Waco—six or seven miles. Lieut. M. Musquiz had set out with sixty-eight regulars from Nacogdoches, March 4, 1801, with instructions to take Nolan dead or alive. He has left an extensive diary of this pursuit. He overtook Nolan on the Tehuacana, near where it empties into the Brazos, finding Nolan barricaded behind a wooden entrenchment.

We have also Bean's account of what happened there. Bean says that at 1 o'clock on the morning of March 22, 1801, the Spaniards came on the outpost, where there were one American and five Spaniards guarding the horses. These they made prisoners, the enemy then surrounding Nolan's camp and staying quiet until daylight. The tramping of horses aroused the Americans, however, and they got ready to defend themselves. At daybreak the Spaniards began firing. Ten minutes after Nolan died with a bullet in his head. Bean assumed command was driven out of the stockade, and after a fierce fight on the prairies was defeated, surrendering. Six years later in Chihuahua, Ephraim Blackburn, a Quaker, one of the captured party, at the behest of the King of Spain, paid vicarious retribution by his death for the alleged crime of the entire Nolan party, the others being allowed to go free.

In the legends of Texas the Brazos River is called Los Brazos de Dios—the Arms of God. The origin of the name has many versions from that of the supposed christening in the idea of a sacred name affording protection, from the apostrophe of the Franciscan monk, who having fled across the river, watched his pursuers among the Indians engulfed by a head rise, calling it "The Arms of God;" from similar words of the famishing ship crew, destitute of fresh water at the mouth of the river, led to salvation by the sight of the muddy current flowing out into the Gulf; from the story of the Mexican gold hunters, who in a time of great drouth passed the dry San Saba, Llano and Lampassas, coming on to the village of the Waco Indians, where they found a river flowing with abundance of water, which they greeted as "The Arms of God." To poor Philip Nolan, encamped near the Brazos, seeking its protection, it proved the arms of God in a different sense. Near those arms his restless life fell into eternal repose.

The Old Frontier; Events of Long Ago

By W. K. Baylor

Last Fight Between Apaches and Rangers in Texas

There seems to be some confusion in regard to the last raid of Old Chief Victorio, the noted Apache. in Texas. In 1906 an El Paso paper published an article which stated that the "United States troops fought Victorio's band to a finish." This article called forth the following communication from Colonel George W. Baylor, who at that time was living in Guadalajara, Mexico. Colonel Baylor wrote:

Guadalajara, Mexico, 1906

In a late number of the Semi-Weekly News (El Paso paper) was a very interesting letter from Pauline Periwinkle, giving an account of an old-fashioned barbecue and visit to a lady in Davis Mountains. To an old Ranger who has scouted all through those Mountains twenty-four years ago after the old Apache Chief Victorio's band, this was pleasant reading, for which she has my sincere thanks. It would be best for her, however, not to go into the history of those stirring times. She says, "Victorio's band was fought to a finish twenty-five years ago by General Grierson."

On referring to a memorandum of my scouts from September 1879 to 1885, I see that Lieut. George W. Baylor, of Company C, Frontier Battallion of Texas Rangers, and thirteen men left their quarters at Ysleta on August 2nd, and on August 4th reached Fort Quitman and reported to General Grierson U. S. A. for orders, and was telegraphed from near Van Horn Wells "to scout down the old stage road towards Eagle Springs until I met him" and to keep a sharp lookout for "Old Vic," who had crossed from Mexico into Texas, and intended to make for the Guadalupe and Sacramento Mountains and get the Tularosa or Fort Stanton reservation Apaches to join him. "I tried to reply to the General, but found something was wrong with the telegraph wire; could not raise the General's operator. I had thirty-three Pueblo Indians from Ysleta with me under their own captain, Mariano Culmanaris, and pushed on as well as we could, and at the Eighteen Mile Water Hole saw the first sign of the Indians and U. S. troops having a fight.

When we got half way between Bass' Canyon and Van Horn Wells we struck Victorio's trail. He had passed in behind General Grierson, pulled down a whole lot of telegraph poles, cut the wire in two places 400 years apart, dragging it off and broke all the insulators. Pretty smart for Old Vic! We did not overtake the United States troops until we reached Rattlesnake Springs, thirty miles or more, and Victorio was at a tank on the west side of the Sierra Diablos, and seeing we were too strong for him, he pulled out for Mexico again. The Rangers and Captain Nolan's Company had gone to the left of the mountains and were at Carrizo Springs, and some of the cavalry had gone to the right of the mountains. It was late in the evening when the scouts brought word that Vic was on the run, and we followed him all night, and just at daybreak reached the stage road where a soldier was killed. A cold dreary ride but a long one was still ahead and we could get no water short of the Rio Grande. Victorio started down the road, but when he got to the Eighteen Mile Water Hole he left, and we supposed would make for the Rio Grande and Mexico. He stopped long enough to make a scare-crow on top of the hill. He made a dummy of dagger stalks, with arms extended, and placed a woman's dress on it and a sun-bonnet. This was to show his contempt for the General not coming on the plain to fight him.

We had to push on as it was twenty-two miles to the Rio Grande, Old Vic, to our surprise, came into the road again, before we got to Quitman's Canyon, and waylaid the stage and mortally wounded General Byrnes, killed a herder for Don Jesus Cobas, stole sixty head of his cattle and crossed the river and camped in the Boracho Mountains until he ate up all his beef and then went on a raid into New Mexico.

It was that gallant old Mexican soldier, Col. Joaquin Terrazas who finished Old Victorio up at Trescastillas, in Chihuahua, October 14 or 15, 1880. Some twenty-five Indians escaped during the night of the fight. These came back to Texas and did as much devilment as possible, killing six negro soldiers at Hot Springs, below Fort Quitman, also Mrs. Graham, and wounding her husband; killing an old man named Grant and killing Morgan, an old overland stage driver, and a passenger whose name I think was Crenshaw. These Indians I followed into Mexico for three days, having Corporal Nat Harrison and fourteen men, and back into Texas. I had telegraphed Lieut. Chas. Nevill to meet me, and we got together at Eagle Springs, followed the Indians into the Diablo Mountains on January 29th, 1887, and just at daylight we attacked them and killed, wounded and took prisoners nearly the entire band. Took a squaw and her boy two years old, and a little girl five or six years old, which the squaw said was Victorio's daughter, prisoners. So it was the Texas Rangers who fought Victorio's band to a finish twenty-five years ago,and this was the last fight on Texas soil between Apaches and Rangers.

GEORGE W. BAYLOR
Ex-Major Commanding Frontier Battalion.

Seventy-five Years in Texas.

Editor Frontier Times:

Seventy-five years ago my parents came from Kentucky to Texas, when I was ten years old, and I grew up among the wild scenes common in the new country. I have been thinking for some time that I would write a few letters to Frontier Times, telling of some of my experiences. My parents died in 1855, and I lived with the older children and practically turned loose to roam over the sun-kissed hills of the Southwest Texas frontier. The front line came by Fort Worth Texas, at that time, on south to Fort Graham and to San Antonio. I remember very well when the commander at Fort Worth issued orders for Indians not to cross the road leading across the state to hunt, but they would slip over to Mountain Creek Valley where we lived and would hunt buffalo, deer, turkey, bear and mustangs. We lived near big springs, and the wild game came within sight of our cabin every day for water. Occasionally a bunch of friendly Indians came to our house to trade their skins and meat for tobacco and coffee. The bucks would come up on horse back and the squaws would be on foot carrying the meat and hides. When the bucks were asked why they did not let their squaws ride they would say, "We warriors. Squawa no mucho bueno." When the soldiers found these Indians were over the line they came and drove them back and flogged some of the leading bucks, which was a great mistake. They missed one Indian boy who was out on a hunt that morning. I will never forget how that boy yelled when he came in and found his people gone. He was afraid to follow the horse tracks, for he knew they belonged to the soldiers, but finally he found some moccasin tracks on the trail and he set off to follow. I will write some day why it was wrong to whip those bucks, who were friendly Indians. I will never say the Comanches were ever mistreated, but the Comanches were responsible for the Cherokees being moved north of Red River before annexation.

I was in the Confederate Army from 1861 to 1865, and was a scout following Banks' army from Sherveport to the mouth of Red River, and for weeks I was sent in advance of Banks' army, which contained five times as many men as we had. I had to report back every once in awhile. I would report that I saw black smoke rolling up. It was a sugar house burning. And I would frequently see a great glare illuminating the sky, and I would discover it was a cotton yard, often a thousand bales burning. Banks destroyed many homes, and drove away all the horses and mules. I went to the National Reunion at Dallas recently, and had to present this picture a great many times, and I always refer to our present condition. If any kind of a celebration comes off or any great gathering is held, the Stars and Stripes are unfurled. It is our flag, and we love it. I am only 85 years old, and if I live I will try to write something of more interest next time.

H. G. BEDFORD.
Midland, Texas.

Surveyed State Capitol Land

Austin American-Statesman

Member of the surveying party which staked out 3,500,000 acres of land in North Texas in 1880 and a citizen of Kerr county seeing the Texas capitol building which was financed by the sale of the land, 45 years later is the honor that befell James L. McElroy of Center Point, Kerr county, who was in Austin the past week on business.

"I wanted to get some money to go to school and I took a job with the Texas Rangers which paid $1.00 per day. I had to furnish my horse, saddle and blanket and clothes." He told the following story of the surveying trip which he was a scout.

"A detail of scouts to accompany the state inspector on the surveying trip included Sargent L. S. Turnbo, Mr. McMurray, J. T. Smith, Albert Mullins and myself. We left camp in Blanca canyon, April 21, 1880, and arrived at the Canadian river on May 1. We went up the river to a point near the boundary line of Texas and Oklahoma, where we began scouting for water. On May 3rd, we had to divide our squad, two with one and three with the other surveying party.

"Col. Norton of Salado, state inspector, had with him a Mr. Howard from the eastern states, also a negro man for cook and to drive the wagon with provisions for himself and we rangers.

"A. G. Wiley of Waco was boss surveyor. His crowd consisted of Mack Park, T. O. Plunket (a typo), Harry Robinson, and the flag man, also a negro man to cook and drive the wagon. A Mr. Wayland had a complete crew of chainmen, flagmen and a cook. Messrs. Gunter and Munson of Sherman were the contractors to survey the 3,500,000 acres of land donated by our Texas legislature to be sold and used to build the grand capitol that now adorns the capitol hill of Austin.

"We were out two months on this scouting trip, had varied experiences, hunting water, running buffalo, antelope and coyotes, listening to the hateful bark of prairie dogs and the warning of rattlesnakes. Our horses on one occasion got with a bunch of mustang horses and the hobbles and sidelines was all that kept us from being left afoot on the plains. Some one from the other surveying party got in behind the trail and ran the mustangs off. The mustangs left marks on our horses where they would bite them to try and keep them in the bunch.

"About the middle of May the grass was sufficient for our horses to get plenty when we did not have to scout. We found Mexicans on this land with 5,000 head of sheep. They watered them from pits dug in the arroya of Red River. The water came within one or two feet of the surface in these pits say 8 by 10 feet and five to seven feet deep.

"We made a base at Garon Springs south of the Canadian river for our starting point on the plains. We did not have enough water for the crowd so we kept hunting until we found the sheep herd above mentioned.

The biggest day's surveying was on Sunday and the length of the line was 21 miles. We had to mark acorner at every second mile, the mound being three feet at base and made of Texas earth.

"We found fine sulphur water on some places but near the alkali lakes, the water could not be used; We would dig pits off some distance from them and the water filtering through the sand could be used while the pits were new."

McElroy displayed two discharges from the ranger service, one dated August 31, 1879, at Throckmorton county and August 31, 1880, at Crosby county, Texas. He was a member of G. W. Arrington's company C.

Members of that Company were: G. W. Arrington, captain; W. C. Bradley, first sergeant; Richard Jones, second sergeant; L. S. Turnbo, third sergeast; W. R. Waller, Cephus Rush and W. Scott, corporals; John D. Birdwell, Harvey Hammer, Sam Callahan, John Dunn, J. T. Smith, Mr.Brown, William Gill, Will Snurley, Frank Freeman, Rufus Jenkins, Lee Jenkius, Will Jenkins, W. R. Stonebraker, Albert Mullins, Ed Gibson, G. W. Forbes, James L. McElroy and Brown Seay.

Incident of Capt. Bill McDonald

It was twenty-eight years ago when Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher were preparing to pull off their prize fight at El Paso that Governor Culberson ordered the whole ranger force to assemble at El Paso under Captain McDonald, and for several days they kept constant espionage over the horde of riff-raff belonging to the lower levels of the sporting fraternity which were gathered there from all parts of the United States.

Finally, finding their efforts to pull off the contest at or near El Paso were futile, the managers of the two pugilists chartered a special train over the Southern Pacific to carry the principals and the several hundred spectators to some point not known at that time to the authorities, where it was proposed to have the battle take place. McDonald and his rangers accompanied this train, determined that the fight should not take place in this state. The rangers only numbered 32 men and they had as their possible antagonists in the event they were called upon to use force to carry out the governor's orders a large element of the crowd which went on the excursion, every man of whom was armed and desperate enough to start something upon very slight provocation

In those days Langtry was a two-house town and was widely noted for being the home of that celebrated frontier character, Justice Roy Bean, who styled himself the "Law West of the Pecos." Bean had been quietly advised in advance that his town was to be made the temporary rendezvous of the crowd of sportsmen and that it was planned that the fight should take place just across the Rio Grande in Mexico, at a spot which was far removed from habitation in that country and which for desolateness could hardly be improved upon.

Judge Bean, as he was called, besides holding the office of justice of the peace for a district that is as large as the average sized state, also conducted a typical frontier saloon and gambling house. In order to profit to the largest possible extent from the crowd of visitors he had prepared to feed them during their stay in one of the rooms of his ramshackle building.

When the train came to a standstill and the visitors piled off, quickly filling the little drinking place, which also served as a court room for Bean, McDonald went into the improvised dining room, where the overflow of the crowd was clamoring for something to satisfy their hunger. McDonald found a vacant seat opposite a typical desperado, who had a long record of crime and who was known to hunt up trouble when he could not find it any other way. Impatient at the slowness of one of the Mexican waiters, this outlaw yelled at him: "Bring on the grub, and do it — — quick."

Captain McDonald raised his steady blue eyes, looked the outlaw over, and then remarked in his characteristic gentle tone:

"That is no way to speak to a man. I don't care if he is a Mexican."

"Look-a-here," he said, "maybe you want to take this thing up."

McDonald surveyed the man cooly The next instant he had laid his old trustworthy 45 on the table and said:

"I have done took it up."

The captain had called the hand of the man and the latter was wise enough to realize the fact. During the meal he kept his eyes closely upon McDonald and when he finished he walked over to one of the men in the crowd and asked who that weazened little fellow was who sat opposite him.

"That man?" said the person whom he had questioned. "Why, that's old Captain Bill McDonald, the best gun-fighter in the whole Southwest."

The desperado cast an admiring glance at the Captain and muttered as he walked on:

"You can't tell what kind of a man you run up against in this part of the country; that was a narrow escape for me."

Both before and after the fight the picturesque home of Justice Roy Bean was enlivened with the wildest scenes of disorder and dissipation on the part of the throng of visitors, but through it all the little band of rangers managed to prevent bloodshed, and the train went back to El Paso without the law having been flagrantly broken.

New Light on John Wesley Hardin

T. U. Taylor, Dean of Engineering, University of Texas.

In the fall of 1878 I was a student at the Sam Houston Normal Institute of Huntsville, Texas and became well acquainted with Captain West, one of the officers of the State Penitentiary. One afternoon he took two of us up on the outlaw row. He brought one of the desperadoes out of his cell and as luck would have it we sat down in front of the cell occupied by John Wesley Hardin. I must say that I paid more attention to Hardin than I did to the North Texas outlaw. Hardin was clean shaven and boyish in appearance (although at that time he was a little over twenty-six years of age). I knew before I saw him that he had notches on his gun for each year he was old and some to spare.

Something like fifteen years ago I traveled one whole day from Texarkana to Austin in company with Captain John B. Armstrong and during the day he retailed to me the whole story of the capture of John Wesley Hardin which agrees sustantially with the newspaper account which follows below.

Captain Armstrong stated that while the officers were holding John Wesley Hardin, he was struggling and trying to get loose and for fear that he would get hold ofhis gun, Armstrong rushed down the aisle and struck Hardin a severe blow over the head with a six-shooter which rendered him unconscious for a few minutes. Captain Armstrong stated that for a few seconds he was afraid that the blow had killed Hardin. He also said that Hardin had his six-shooter not in a scabbard but inside his pants with one of his suspender straps through the guard and that Hardin was wearing it this way on account of an old wound.

I have a copy of the autobiography of John Wesley Hardin written many years after his capture in Florida and evidently written from memory. On page 115 he states that he was captured on July 23, 1877. The writer has gone to the trouble to read all the current newspapers of the day and he finds that instead of John Wesley's being captured on July 23 it was August 23, 1877. On account of the importance of the question historically the writer submits below all the newspaper articles of August 1877. Corrections and additions are put in parenthesis.

Recently Captain J. B. Gillett told me that when Hardin was taken from the Austin jail to Comanche to be tried Captain Reynolds took him several days ahead of time through the country. The rangers camped near San Saba and there kept him under guard. Captain Gillett stated that the guards were instructed not to approach Hardin while armed. Those who wished to converse with him, first laid aside their arms and then went into the inclosure and often held long conversations with Hardin. Captain Gillett states that Hardin was a fine conversationalist, very entertaining and that he essayed to show them the "double roll" and "single roll" both forward and backwards when furnished with an unloaded six-shooter. Hardin was very companionable with the ranger boys, enjoying their conversation and giving very little trouble. But the rangers took no chances and performed their duty rigidly and with fidelity.

* * *

Copied from the Galveston News Aug. 25, 1877:

CAPTURE OF THE NOTORIOUS DESPERADO JOHN WESLEY HARDIN IN FLORIDA

Austin, Texas, Aug. 24, 1877—General Steele has just received a dispatch from Whiting, Alabama, from Lieut. Armstrong of Hall's State troups, announcing that on yesterday, with private Duncan, of the same force, assisted by citizens, he captured the notorious desperado, John Wesley Hardin, at Pensacola, Florida, and took him to Whiting on the train. The requisition being good for Alabama and not for Florida, it was necessary to take him into the former state at once. Hardin had four men with him and made a desperate resistance. One of his men was killed and others wounded. Armstrong was waiting for the train to leave Whiting, which is a small village, as Hardin says, has friends and they are trying to rally for his release. Duncan has been on Hardin's trail some time, be-

ing detailed by General Steele for that special purpose.

Armstrong left Austin with the requisition on the 18th inst., only five days before the capture. Hardin had wanted to return to Texas, but was warned by a letter, which was intercepted, that there was no peace here for honest enterprising men, on account of the disposition of Hall's men, the frontier battalion, and the State Government generally, to disregard Magna Charta.

* * *

Copied from the Galveston, News, Aug. 26, 1877:

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN HEARD FROM INCENDIARISM

Austin, Texas, Aug. 25, 1877:—John Wesley Hardin tried to get out on habeas corpus at Montgomery, Alabama, but he failed though the only requistion on Gov. Hubbard was by telegraph. The last heard from him was by dispatch from Lieut. Armstrong, that they were on a train passing Verbena, Alabama and will be in Austin Monday.

* * *

Copied from the Galveston News Aug. 28, 1877:

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

Houston, August 27, 1877:—A gentleman down from Austin states that an old Chicago detective named Duncan worked up the arrest of John Wesley Hardin. He first sought out John Wesley's father in Gonzales county, bought a stock of goods, opened up in the old man's neighborhood and in less than a year became one of the most intimate friends and advisers. The old gentleman in a gush of confidence told his new friend that his son, whose whereabouts he minutely and confidently imparted, wanted to return to Texas. But the detective advised him against this and wrote a letter to John Wesley, which the old gentleman signed, telling him to stay a while instanter and with Lieut. Armstrong, reached John Wesley before his letter did. The balance is known.

* * *

Copied from the Galveston News, Aug. 29, 1877:

ARRIVAL OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN.

Wesley Hardin reached Austin this morning and was placed in jail. Lieut. Armstrong and Private Duncan have earned $4000 reward offered by the Legislature for his arrest. The law characterizes him "the notorious murderer," though he has not been tried. There was a large crowd at the depot to see him arrive, but they were disappointed, as he was taken in a closed carriage from the rear of the train and carried at once to jail. The desire to see him is general. Numerous applications to the sheriff have been made. The Governor instructed the officers to keep him safe at any cost.

There are nearly eighty prisoners in the jail, some of them from DeWitt and many are considered as desperate characters as Hardin. No one can make a complete list of Hardin's victims but the number will not probably fall short of twenty—eight in Kansas and the territory and fifteen in Texas. He is about five feet, ten inches high, twenty-eight years old, stoutly built and intelligent.

Copied from the Austin Statesman. Austin, Texas: Aug. 29, 1877:

A reporter of the Statesman called on Lieut. John B. Armstrong at the Avenue Hotel and obtained from him the particulars of the arrest of John Wesley Hardin, the noted desperado. He stated that the credit of the working up of the arrest was entirely due to Detective Jack Duncan, formerly of Dallas, who a few years ago went down among Hardin's relatives and friends in DeWitt county and remained there until he got all the information necessary. This having been done Armstrong and Duncan were entrusted by Adjutant General Steele with the important duty of attempting the arrest of this dangerous character who had so often boasted that he could never be taken alive, and on the 18th day of August they left Austin for Pensacola Junction, Alabama, a place sometimes called Whiting, where he had lived for some time past. When they arrived at Whiting they ascertained that Hardin had gone down to Pensacola, Florida, and they proceeded to that place on a special train furnished by W. D. Chipley, general manager of the Pensacola Railroad, who also accompanied them there and rendered invaluable assistance in making the arrest. Sheriff W. H. Hutchinson and his gallant deputy, A. J. Purdue of Es-

cambia county, Florida, are also entitled to liberal praise for aid rendered and Lieut. Armstrong speaks highly of them as well as of Mr. Chipley, and he proposed to deal fairly with them in the division of the rewards offered in Texas, for the arrest of Harlin. They arrived at Pensacola and ascertained that Hardin had gone aboard a train which was soon to start to Whiting and that he was in the smoking car. It was then resolved that he would be taken alive if possible, and some hasty planning had to be done. Detective Duncan, who knew Hardin, took his position on the opposite side of the car from the depot building to prevent his escape; Lieut. Armstrong and Mr. Chipley entered the front door of the car while the sheriff and his deputy at the same time entered the rear of the car. Hardin and his companions (Jim Mann and another person whose name could not be found out) were sitting together in the seat at the rear end of the car, and the moment Lieut. Armstrong, who held in his hand a large pistol, stepped upon the platform, Hardin saw the pistol, and he afterwards stated that he instantly suspected that there was something up which "smelt of Texas business" and he also said had he not at that moment been seized by two men who entered just behind him he would have fired on Lieut. Armstrong; but fate was at last against him and now it was himself that was to be roughly handled. The moment he was seized Mann arose and fired three shots himself and several shots were fired at him. Mann jumped out of the car window and started to run but was again fired upon and killed. Hardin was, in the meantime, struggling fearfully against odds, but with four men holding him the contest could not last long or result seriously. He did all that a brave and desperate man could do to gain his liberty and when a pistol was pointed at him he said: "Shoot and be damned. I'd rather die than be arrested." After order had been restored, Hardin insisted that he was not John Wesley Hardin, but the next day, however, he admitted that he was, and began to look at his situation in a hopeful and philosophical way, and said that he would employ counsel, not without hope of being acquitted. He also said that he would make no effort to escape on his way back to Texas. He behaved himself very well on the return trip. On the way Hardin fared as well as Armstrong and Duncan did and he kept his spirits up pretty well until he reached the jail, when he showed deep feeling and nervousness and as soon as he entered the inside of the building he asked for Bill Taylor, his cousin. In Alabama efforts were made to liberate Hardin under writ of habeas corpus, but the timely requisition from Governor Hubbard enabled Lieut. Armstrong and Detective Duncan to start on their way with the Grand Mogul of the Texas desperadoes.

John Wesley Hardin was born in Fannin County, Texas, May 26, 1853, and lived there for a while. His father was a Methodist preacher and attempted to give his children a moral education. Wesley received his education in Trinity and Polk counties, where he spent his boyhood, mainly under the instruction of J. C. Landrum, who now lives at the Carrington Place on Gilleland's Creek in Travis county. In 1869 quitting school. Hardin went into the cattle business, and finally settled in Gonzales and married Jane Bowen. In 1874 he sent his wife to his father and brothers and went with some cattle to Comanche, where he lived at peace with the citizens for three weeks when the Webb difficulty occurred. An account of it is given in his own words taken down by our reporter as follows:

"I was not acquainted with Charles Webb. I was in the back of a bar room. Webb was talking with a party to the right of the back door. He was pointed out to me and I was told he was sheriff. I asked to be introduced to him. After finishing his talk Webb turned to go and I spoke to him. He turned and fired on me. My friends, Bud Dixon and Jim Taylor, seeing he had the drop on me, began to defend me with their pistols. Webb fired three shots and fell. He died instantly. The sheriff came up and I handed him my pistol and demanded protectieon. Webb's friends came up at this time and Bud Taylor and I ran. Dixon went too, but was arrested two days later.

The same day that Dixon was arrested, my father, mother were arrested. My younger brother and Dixon, neither of whom had anything to do with the af-

fair, were also arrested. The Dixons are my cousins. The two boys, Tom Dixon and John G. Hardin were hung by a mob at Comanche.

Seeing myself in trouble and my friends suffering I decided to leave the state rather than be mobbed. While Jim Taylor and I were hiding they found our camp and made a rush on it one morning. There were about 150 men. We escaped and came to Austin and then to Gonzales. I left Texas and went to Florida going into the green grocery business.

I was arrested in Pensacola, Florida, in a smoking car. The train was ready to start. I was sitting in the car with my face to the door. I had two companions with me. The deputy sheriff in the plot to arrest me asked me to stay until next morning. At this moment four men appeared and grabbed me. Several shots were fired. Mann tried to escape and was killed. At Montgomery, Alabama, I got a writ of habeas corpus but the requisition came and they brought me on to Texas. The officers treated me kindly and they deserve great praise for capturing me alive.

I am a prisoner and must stand trial. All I want is to be allowed to appeal to the law of the land and I hope the officers of the law will protect me for this end. I want to stand trial. I am sick and tired of fleeing from it and would not go away if I could. I must see the end of it and all I ask is that a mob be not permitted to murder me for I believe I can show that I did not murder Webb."

Hardin is only twenty-five years old and has quite a youthful appearance. He is of light complexion, wears a modest mustache, is five feet, ten inches high, and weighs 155 pounds. He is mild featured and mild mannered, with a mild blue eye and talks pleasantly enough. He is evidently tired of his trouble and seems to have no thought except to get through with it. He says he has no fear of the law and that he is ready for execution if condemned, but he claims to be innocent and he is charged with much that he never thought of. He wants the authorities to protect him against mobs, for it is mob violence alone that he fears.

New Texas Folklore Edition Printed

Ballads, songs, myths and superstitions of the Southwest are contained in the 1925 volume of the Texas Folklore Society.

Dr. L. W. Payne Jr., of the University of Texas English department, wrote the preface to the edition. Among other notable contributors are W. A. Whatley, formerly of the University of Texas but now on the faculty of the University of Ohio, and J. Frank Dobie of Oklahoma A. and M. College, who will return to the University of Texas this fall. Professor Dobie is editor of the book.

The volume published last year was received with favor, according to Miss Fannie Ratchford, recording secretary of the organization. It was reviewed by the leading literary magazines and critics of the Untied States and England, and is now being reprinted. Copies can be obtained on request.

Contents of the 1925 edition are as follows: Preface, Dr. L. W. Payne, Jr.; Mexican Popular Ballad (with music), W. A. Whatley; Spanish Songs of New Mexico, F. S. Curtis; Verses on Texas Vaqueros, J. Frank Dobie; Reptile Myths of Northwestern Louisiana, John K. Stracken; Superstitions of the Northern Seas, Hartman Dignowity; The Cowboy Dance of the Southwest, Roy P. Scott; Old Field Diction, A. R. McTee; Some Folk Tales of the Chibeha Nation, Malone W. Graham; The Human Hand in Primitive Art (illustrated), Victor J. Smith; Indian Pictographs Near Lange's Mill, Gillespie County (illustrated), Julia Estill.

The general purpose of the Texas Folklore Society is to collect and preserve the folklore of Texas and the Southwest. Anyone who is interested in this field of work is eligible for membership. The publication of the society will be sent to anyone who applies for admission and pays the annual dues.

Every old Frontiersman, every old time Texas Ranger, every old Trail Driver, should send us a sketch of his experience for publication in Frontier Times, and in this way help to preserve the history of our great state.

Fort Sill, the Noted Army Post

San Antonio Express, July 12,1925.

Plans are now before the War Department for the preservation for posterity of one of America's most famous Army posts that served in the conquest of the Western frontier. This is the old post of Fort Sill, Okla., once known as Camp Wichita, where Generals Sherman and Sheridan battled against the Indians and where the savage Apache chief Geronimo was imprisoned.

Fort Sill is located in the center of a section where many bloody massacres of whites by the Indians took place in the last century. It is situated on Medicine Bluff Creek, in Comanche County, six miles north of the town of Lawton. Railroads pass near it now, but in the days when it was first established the nearest railway was 329 miles away at Fort Harkness, Kansas.

Here in the summer of 1868 troops were sent to quell the disturbances arising among the various Indian tribes. Col. Benjamin H. Grierson of the Tenth Cavalry decided to locate a permanent camp upon this site and stationed his regiment there, naming the new encampment Camp Wiihita. Wooden stockades were erected by the soldiers themselves from what materials they could find in the vicinity

The territory was especially notorious at that time as a rendezvous for three Kiowa chiefs, Satank, Satanta and Big Tree, whose depredations against the white colonists made the presence of troops necessary. It was a long time before materials suitable for the construction of permanent buildings could be transported to Camp Wichita because of the long overland journey from the railroad in Kansas. The first permanent structure on the reservation was the corral which was put up in 1869. Here the horses and men were sheltered together until more adequate quarters could be built. A large part of the stone was hewn from a nearby quarry by the soldiers, and barracks, officers' quarters, and a chapel were constructed with difficulty in the quadrangle.

It was in the same year that General Philip Sheridan, then commanding officer of the Army Department of the Missiuri, caused the name of the reservation to be changed to Fort Sill in honor of General Joshua W. Sill, a West Point classmate of Sheridan's, who had been killed in action during the Civil War.

General Sherman took over command of the post for a time in the course of his effort to quell the Indian disturbances, and the house still stands in which he made his headquarters and used to hold conferences with the Indian chieftains. On one occasion he almost lost his life when an attempt to assassinate him was made by Lone Wolf, a Kiowa chief who was bitterly opposed to the occupation of the section by the whites. The timely intervention of General Grierson, who wrested a rifle from the Indian's hands, saved his life.

By an executive order of October 7, 1871, there was set aside from lands in the public domain which formerly had been used for the benefit of the Wichita Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians a tract of 23,040 acres as a military reservation. Later orders in 1897, 1901, and 1907 brought the reservation up to its present size of 51,292 acres.

Between 1873 and 1874 alone there were 60 persons killed, five wounded and one captured by Indians belonging to the Fort Sill reservation. These tribesmen were fed by the Government and were regarded as being friendly and had been so treated. Such were the difficulties the Indian fighters had to contend with, for they could never tell when a supposedly friendly tribe might decide to take advantage of an opportunity to attack a band of white settlers and flee to the hills for the time being. After these particular incursions, efforts were redoubled to put down the unfriendly tribes, and the Fort Sill troops successfully routed them in several engagements.

Instead of a guard honse, prisoners were in the early days of the fort put in the cellar of the quarters now occupied by the Third Ammunition Train. There are still marks on the old walls through which several famous Indian prisoners bored their way and gained freedom. For many years and practically down to the Spanish-American War, the old post

was a frontier outpost against the marauding Indian tribes. Today the old post is practically neglected and larger and more modern structures on the reservation house the Field Artillery School which has since been assigned to the encampment.

One of the most famous uses to which the old reservation was put was as a place of imprisonment for Geronimo, the savage Apache chief, and his band that had ravaged the southern United States and Mexico alike. His most violent depredations were committed about the year 1884 when he is supposed to have been 55 years of age. At that time, leading his band through northern Mexico, he made his name hated by every native of that country and caused Mexico to put a price on the head of every Apache Indian.

When some American troops cooperated with the Mexicans in trying to capture him, he started a career of vengeance against white settlers in the Southwest and for three years was able to continue his raids without being captured.

Many times Geronimo and his band would be almost in the hands of the American troops, but they always managed to escape. Sometimes they were completely surrounded and still freed themselves to defy the Government again. Geronifo's knowledge of the mountainous country enabled him to outwit the United States Army again and again, meanwhile continuing his incursions against the colonists of the region.

Finally, an American force succeeded in getting on their trail and sticking to it. The Indians fled to the hills, but the army men followed them with the intention of literally starving them out. Geronimo's only hope lay in retreat as he could not match the armed strength of even a small band of Americans, but his tribe did not have the provisions to remain in the hills indefinitely. After weeks of following the Indians, the soldiers were finally approached by a lone Indian from the band offering the surrender of the tribe. Thus in 1887 Geronimo's defiance of the Government came to an end.

First the tribe was transferred to Florida and later to Alabama, but the climate in those States proved so disastrous to their health that in 1894 they were brought to the Fort Sill reservation. Here they remained as prisoners of the United States for 20 years, finally being released and sent to another reservation in 1913, under the administration of President Wilson.

Geronimo was foiled in several attempts he made to escape and in later life lost the leadership over his people and fell into disrepute because of the position in which he had put them. In 1905, he was permitted to attend the inauguration of President Roosevelt. Then a wrinkled old man of 76, he was received by the President in his chambers and made a simple but dignified plea that he be allowed to die a free man. His request was refused, and it is said that when he died no one mourned for him but the old women of the tribe. His son, Robert Geronimo, later became a graduate of Carlisle.

Popular opinion throughout Oklahoma and in other parts of the country favors the retention of the old post as a historical landmark because of the important role it has played in the conquest of the frontier, and it is believed that it will not be long before the War Department officially sets the quadrangle aside for this purpose.

In a proclamation setting aside August 12 as "Texas Pioneer Day," issued July 11 by Governor Ferguson, Texas citizens are asked to give recognition to those who laid the foundation for the Lone Star State. The edict is in pursuance to a resolution passed by the 39th Legislature.

Mrs. Anna Martin, aged 81 years, died at her home in Mason, Texas, Friday, July 10. Mrs. Martin was a pioneer resident of Mason county and was one of the best known business women in the state. She had been president of the Commercial Bank at Mason since 1901, and is said to have been the first woman bank president in the United States. She had been active in the affairs of the bank until a short time before her death.

The Ex-Texas Rangers Association will hold its annual reunion August 12, 13 and 14, at Ranger, Texas.

An Early Day Assassination

Taylor Thompson, in Fort Worth Record, 1912.

I have often heard men say that when drawn up in line of battle awaiting the attack of the enemy, the feeling of suspense and dread was much harder to bear than any feeling of fear or uneasiness they ever experienced after the fighting had actually begun, and this is especially true of men who have never been under fire, and were going into battle for the first time. I remember on an occasion of this kind once hearing an Irishman who was known as a man of undaunted courage later, say, after his command had been waiting an hour or more expecting an attack any moment: "I wonder if these d—d things (slapping himself on his legs) are going to run away with me today? I have never tried them under fire." It is related of Gov. Vance of North Carolina, who became a gallant Confederate general, that on one occasion, when his command was going into action, a rabbit jumped up and ran in the opposite direction, when General Vance called out: "Go it, Molly Cotton-tail; if I didn't have a reputation to sustain I would go it, too."

I remember very distinctly an ordeal through which I passed, in which suspense was the most potent factor, and which I think was the most trying experience of my life. It occurred in the latter part of 1864, after I had been discharged from the Confederate army and was serving as a Texas ranger. At the time the country to the south and west of San Antonio was sparsely settled. With a detachment of rangers I went in to camp one evening on a small stream in Frio county. Some time before this two Irishmen, brothers, both men of advanced age, had located in that section, built a small cabin, where they lived alone. It was said that both had served in the United States army before the war, and had had much experience in fighting the Indians and my detachment camped about fifteen miles from their ranch. When we awoke next morning eight or ten horses were missing in our camp, and those of us whose horses were not missing, started out to look for the missing horses. I was alone and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon rode up to the ranch of the old men, both of whom I had met. Only one of them was at home, the other having gone to Laredo for supplies. I inquired of the man at the house, whose name was Sullivan, about the horses I was hunting, and he said he had seen three of them that day about noon about ten miles from the ranch. He invited me to spend the night with him, and I accepted the invitation. The only furniture in the house was a large slab or board about two feet wide and seven feet long, in which auger holes had been bored and four pegs inserted, thus forming a rude table, and two or three stool chairs. The house was a cabin of one room and a dirt floor, a door on one side and a window opposite, both furnished with wooden shutters, and the house was inclosed with a brush fence, taking in about half an acre of ground. I had a copy of the Galveston News in my pocket, about ten days old, but its contents were news to us in that section. After supper Mr. Sullivan lit a tallow candle and I was reading the paper to him. Presently a shot rang out on the stillness and my host fell to the dirt floor. Some one had fired through the open window. I knocked the light out with my hat and then spoke to Mr. Sullivan, but he did not reply. I was sure that he was dead, as he made no move. I remained perfectly still for perhaps half an hour, and then cautiously went out of the door and made a thorough search in the enclosure but found no one, and I had previously heard the sound of a horse's feet, which died away in the distance. Returning to the cabin, I lit the candle long enough to examine the dead body. He had been shot in the breast with a load of buckshot. One or more had passed through his breast. I laid the body on the table, spread a blanket over him, closed the door and window, blew out the candle, and sat down to pass the night with the dead man in the darkness.

I thought daylight would never come. Several times during the night I imagined I heard horses' feet, and footsteps

around the house, and I went out to reconnoiter several times. Once or twice the hooting of an owl in a tree nearby sent the cold shivers up and down my back. When daylight came I looked for tracks. There was a low place in the fence at the rear of the house and a path led from the house to that place. In that place I found the tracks of a man coming to and going from the house, and just inside the fence I found the imprint of the butt of a shotgun in the soft ground. Outside the fence I found where a horse shod in front had been tied to a tree, and I found the trail of the same horse leading off in a westerly direction. I saddled my horse and closing the door securely, started for the nearest ranch, some twenty miles away. I had gone a short distance when I fell in with a party of six men, three of whom I knew, and they had just broken camp. I told them what had happened and we all returned to the ranch. Leaving two men to bury the dead man, the other men and myself took the trail of the shod horse, whose rider we felt sure had murdered Mr. Sullivan. He evidently did not expect pursuit, for we came upon him about twenty miles from the ranch where he had stopped to noon. He had a double-barreled shotgun and two sixshooters. He denied all knowledge of the murder, but the tracks of his shod horse and the butt end of his shotgun fitted the imprints exactly, and was good enough proof for a frontiersman in those days that he was the murderer. The next morning the six men started with the prisoner to Laredo A short time later I met two of the men and asked them what became of the prisoner and they told me he "got away." In those days prisoners who "got away" were usually found later dangling from a limb. They told me, however, that before he "escaped" he confessed to killing Sullivan and gave as his reason that there was an old grudge between himself and the two brothers. That night in the cabin was a trying one for me.

Every old Frontiersman, every old time Texas Ranger, every old Trail Driver, should send us a sketch of his experience for publication in Frontier Times, and in this way help to preserve the history of our great state

"TEgA3 BOUND"

By Mont Hurst, Dallas, Texas

Way down in dear ol' Texas,
Down near the Rio Grande,
Where the heel-fly surely vexes
And they shoot to beat the band,
Where the longhorns roam and wander,
And coyotes howl at night,
Where you slowly ride and ponder
Underneath the Lone Star's light;
And cactus blooms in summer,
And the lizzards hurry by.
Where the hot days are a hummer
And the eagles fly sky-high,
On a pinto on the range
That is slowly fading out,
This hurried life I'd change
For those days without a doubt.
Jes' corral the good old pony
An' oil the old six-gun;
I'm huntin' up my crony,
And I'm goin' to have real fun.
I'll trail the old chuck wagon
From twilight to the morn,
An' I'm doin' no crazy braggin'
For I'm bound for the Land o' Longhorn.

A Jew's Tribute to America

It was reserved for a Jew, a Rabbi from Cleveland, Ohio, to pay the most beautiful tribute to America yet penned.

The Rabbi, A. Silver by name, said:

"God built Him a continent of glory and filled it with treasures untold. He carpeted it with soft rolling prairies and pillowed it with thundering mountains. He studded it with sweet flowing fountains and traced it with winding streams. He graced it with deep shadowed forests and filled them with song.

"Then He called unto a thousand people and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift of hope. The glory of adventure was in their eyes and the glory of hope was in their souls.

"And out of the memories of ages and the hopes of the world; out of the longing hearts and prayers of souls—God fashioned a nation you love, blessed it with a purpose sublime and called it AMERICA."—Clarendon News.

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

The Texas Almanac, 1865.

Mr. Henry Bonnet of Medina, Bandera county, Texas, has a copy of the Texas Almanac, published at Austin for the year 1865, from which Judge C. W. Harris copied the following items for publication in Frontier Times.

1. The 18th Judicial District is composed of the counties of Atascosa, Bandera, Uvalde, Medina, Wilson, Kinney and Maverick. G. H. Noonan. Judge.

2. O. M. Roberts, Chief Justice Supreme Court.

3. The 31st Senatorial District is composed of the counties Blanco, Comal, Bandera, Kerr, Gillespie. Llano. San Saba. Medina, Uvalde. McCulloch. Concho. Mason, Menard, Kimble and Edwards. J. E. Ranck, Representative, Mason, Texas.

5. State Frontier Organization, Third Military District, Brigadier General J. D. McAdoo, commanding

Burnet County. Capt. Chris Dorbant's Co., 56 men; John Barton's Co., 65 men; James P. Magill's Co., 65 men; G. C. Bitties' Co., 65 men; Total 251.

Kerr County. Lieut. D. H. Farr's Co., 28 men, Total 28.

Llano County: Capt. J. S. Bourland's Co., 65 men; Lieut. F. Breazel's Co., 41 men. Total, 106.

Gillespie County: Capt. E. Krauskopf's Co., 63 men; Wm. S. Wahrmund's Co., 62 men; Lieut. P. Waldrip's Co. 25 men. Total 150.

Bandera County: Capt. Bladen Mitchell's Co., 53 men.

Blanco County: Lieut. Hudson's Co., 39 men.

Medina County: Capt. Geo. Robbins Co., 56 men; Lieut. A. Webber's Co.. 22 men. Total 78.

Kendall County: Capt. Wm. E. Jones, Co., 65 men.

Karnes County: Lieut. J. King's Co., 45 men.

Uvalde County: Thos. Watkin's Co., 44 men.

Bee County: Lieut. J. Hynes' Co., 36 men.

Frio County: Capt. Williams' Co., 52 men.

Live Oak County: Capt. N. Gussett's Co., 71 men.

Atascosa County: Capt. J. Tom's Co., 65 men; Lieut. J. A. Durand's Co., 28 28 men. Total 93.

Other Counties: Capt. Wolhersdoff's command, 100 men. Total, 1211 men.

D. B. Culberson, Colonel of Cavalry, Adjutant and Inspector General of State.

6. Officers of Bandera County are O. B. Miles, Chief Justice; P. D. Saner, County Clerk; Daniel Rugh, Sheriff; Geo. Hay, Assessor and Collector.

7. Assessment of property in Bandera county for 1864, 28, 393 acres; value $23,013. Total valuation of land and other property $155.476. Poll tax 77. Advalorem and poll tax, $854.38. Merchandise tax $6.82. Specie tax $2.77. Other occupations $10.00. Liquor tax $45.00. Total merchandise and liquor tax $64.59.

7. Postmaster at Bandera, A Klappenbach. No other postoffice in the county.

9. Confederate States Tax Bandera County; Money and credits on hand July 1, 1863, one per cent $241.02. Agricultural products on hand July 1, 1863, eight per cent $72.00. Profits made in 1863, ten per cent $267.70. Live stock on hand November 1, 1863, one per cent $2,568.45. Income and salary, 1863, $7,678.82. Occupation April 24, 1863, to July 1, 1864, $70.04. Tythe cotton, none. Total Confederate tax collected in 1864, $10,998.03.

10. Collector of Taxes for District No. 89, composed of the counties of Medina. Uvalde, Dawson, Zavala, Bandera, Edwards, Kerr and Kendall, H. Bensemann, Castroville, Texas.

Tell your friends about Frontier Times and thus help to extend the circulation

John Wesley Hadin was a noted desperado in Texas nearly fifty years ago. Beginning in its September issue Frontier Times will publish serially the life history of this noted character, as written by himself. It tells in detail of the many men killed by Hardin, and is published, not as an incentive to the younger generation to follow ihs example, but as a warning to them that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Tells of An Indian Raid

G. M. Day, Loma Vista, Zavala County, Texas.

In the spring of 1877 a bunch of Indians, supposed to be Kickapoos, passed through the Castroville neighborhood, stealing horses on their way, then went on to Black Creek and killed a young man named Joe Wilton. On the morning of April 28th, they passed by the house of David Parks, who then lived at the old Todos Santos ranch.

Trav. Bell stayed at David Parks' during the night of the 27th, and had staked his horse in a flat a few hundred yards from the house. After the cows were milked the next morning, and the family were at breakfast, they heard horses' feet and thought Billy Parks was driving up his horses. Some of them ran out of the house to go turn the cows out so the horses could be penned, but found that the horses they heard were ridden by Indians, who were driving a bunch of loose horses. Trav.Bell rushed out to get his horse before the Indians got to it, and just did save himself and the horse, as the Indians came very near cutting him off from the house.

Soon a posse collected at Todos Santos Lake, including Bill Bennett, Claude Bennett, Alex Bennett, Buck Lock (now living at Sabinal), Billy Parks, and a man named Couser. They followed the Indians to a point on the Cibola, just over the line in Irio county, where the trail turned sharply from its course. The men from Todos Santos Lake knew we were cutting timber and building a pen on the Cibola to catch wild cattle, so when the trail suddenly changed its direction they understood that the Indians had seen us and had gone around. They left the trail and came and told us about the Indians being near at hand and started with us to our camp, which was about three hundred yards from where we were building the pen. When we got to the camp we found the Indians had been there and had plundered it. We had rounded up all our horses that morning and had left them all in camp, except those which we rode to our work. A few had strayed, but the Indians found and drove off about forty. Besides the horses, the Indians got all the ammunition we had in camp, a packsaddle, a cowboy saddle which Bob McKinney had bought in San Antonio a short time before, all of our bedding, and everything else we had there.

All of the men who had followed the Indians from Todos Santos Lake, except the six whose names are given, went back home after leaving our camp. These six were joined by Tom McKinney, Bob McKinney, Tol McKinney, John Rutledge (now living at Loma Visita), Jack Foster, Emory Foster, Virgil Ridgeway, Frank Conley and myself, making fifteen men in all.

We always took our guns and a supply of ammunition when we went to work, and always kept our horses near us, as we never knew what moment we might need them, so we had everything we needed to follow the Indians without losing any time. The trail from our camp led us due west into Zavala county. After stealing our horses the Indians had so many that they made a trail plain enough for us to follow at a full run. We kept our horses on the run for eight or ten miles and overtook the redskins at the Arroya Negro. Only five Indians were with the stolen horses. We had a little fight, drove the Indians off, and recaptured all of the horses except those which the Indians were riding. We passed by the horses, which were so tired after their long, hard run, that they stayed right where we left them, and we went on after the Indians who had scattered. One Indian was riding a horse which belonged to C. C. McKinney. Bob McKinney knew the horse and knew, too, that he just couldn't get through the brush, but was fast in an opening. By this time the horse and his Indian rider were nearing the edge of the brush, so Bob called to those ahead of him to "kill the horse or he'll get away." Several shots were fired, the horse fell, but the Indian did not seem to be hurt, and he started back through the brush towards John Rutledge and Couser. John Rutledge was still on horseback, but Couser's horse had given out and he was walking and leading the horse. The Indian had a six-shooter in one hand and a big knife in, the other

and was evidently scheming to get a horse from one of the two men. It was found afterward that one side of the Indian's pistol had been shot away and the main spring had fallen out, so he couldn't use it. John Rutledge had a six-shooter that shot too high, but John hadn't owned it long enough to learn its tricks, so as the Indian charged them he fired several shots over his head. Couser waited until the Indian came closer, then dropped on one knee, took careful aim, fired, and the Indian fell forward on his face. This Indian was wearing a jacket which some of the men said belonged to Joe Wilton.

The other boys collected around the dead Indian. Alex Bennett, who had followed Indians before, told them they should leave there at once, and warned them that if they didn't the Indians would come back and kill some of them. They would not listen to him, but stood around, some on foot and some on horseback, talking and joking. In a few minutes I rode off about seventy-five yards to the edge of a white brush thicket which had a gully running through it about thirty yards from where I sat on my horse, holding my rifle barrel in one hand with the butt resting on my left thigh. Couser, always full of mischief, was stooping over the dead Indian, had his hair wrapped around his hand, and said he was "preaching his funeral." He said he was going to scalp him afterwards. Then I heard a shot and thought one of the boys let his gun go off accidently. My arm dropped and my gun fell to the ground. The bullet had cut the big leader and knocked me to one side. Other shots followed, and we knew that the Indians had slipped back, crawled up the gully that ran through the thicket, and were shooting at us. The first shot scared my horse. He began pitching, threw me to the ground and shattered my right shoulder. I started to run, and did not realize that my shoulder was broken until I tried to pull my six-shooter. Several other shots were fired at me while I was running, but none of them hit me. Then I began to turn blind and fell. Billy Parks saw me fall and came to me. He called the others and told them I was wounded, and they carried me to the shade of some hackberry trees on a little creek. Later Billy Parks and Bill Bennett went to Doc Spears' place on Sugar Creek and got his wagon to take me home. It took a long time for my wounds to heal, and my left arm has been stiff ever since.

When the Indians began shooting at us from the thicket we all scattered. I was the only man wounded, but Billy Parks' horse was killed, and a bullet cut the headstall, right between the eyes, of the horse ridden by John McKinney. How John escaped unhurt none of us could understand. Not an Indian was seen during the attack. The shells afterward picked up showed that the Indians had used a Spencer rifle, a rim-fire rifle, a center-fire rifle, and a winchester.

Some of the boys picked up my rifle and caught my horse. The stolen horses were driven back to Todos Santos Lake and held there until the owners came for them. Sometime afterwards a small groups of these Indians, two or three at a time, were seen crossing the Rio Grande into Mexico.

An Old Song, "The Dying Cowboy"

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

He had wailed in pain till o'er his brow
Death's shadows fast were gathering now
He thought of his home and his loved ones nigh,
As the cowboys gathered to see him die,

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"In fancy I listen to the well-known words
Of the free, wild winds and the song of the birds;
I think of the cottage home in the bower

And the scenes I loved in my childhood's hour.

"It matters not I've often been told,
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold;
Yet grant, oh, grant this wish to me,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Then bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave six foot by three,
Where the buffalo paws o'er the prairie sea,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"I've always wished to be laid when I died
In a little churchyard on the green hillside;
By my father's grave, there let mine be,
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Let my death slumber be where my mother's prayer
And a sister's tear will mingle there,
Where my friends can come and weep o'er me;
And bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Where the blizzard beats and the wind blows free,
Then bury me not on the lone prairie.

"There is another whose tears may be shed
For one who lies on a prairie bed;
It pained me then and it pains me now—
She has curled these locks and she has kissed this brow.

"These locks she has curled, shall the rattlesnake kiss?
This brow she has kissed, shall the cold grave press?
For the sake of the loved ones that will weep for me,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me
Where the blizzard beats and the wind goes free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

"Oh, bury me not"—and his voice failed there,
But took no heed of his dying prayer;
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

Where the dewdrops glow and the butter flies rest,
And the flowers bloom o'er the prairie's crest;
Where the wild coyote and the winds sport free
On a wet saddle blanket lay a cowboy-ee.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow flies free,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie."

Oh, we buried him there on the lone prairie,
Where the wild rose blooms and the wind blows free,
Oh, this young face nevermore to see—
For we buried him there on the lone prairie.

Yes, we buried him there on the lone prairie,
Where the owl all night hoots mournfully,
And the blizzard beats and the winds blow free
O'er his lowly grave on the lone prairie

And the cowboys now as they roam on the plain—
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain—
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave,
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.

"Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me;
Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save."

Capt. Gillett's Book.

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The Adventures of Jack Dobell

From "Early Times in Texas," By J. C. Duval.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

Whilst I was thus taking "mine ease in mine inn," it occurred to be that if Mahomet couldn't get to the mountain, perhaps the mounain might come to Mahomet—in other words, if I couldn't get to the Texan army, perhaps it would be just as well to remain where I was until the Texans whipped the Mexicans and re-occupied the country. That they would do so eventually I had not the slightest doubt, although the Mexicans had told us when prisoners at Goliad (for the purpose of discouraging us and preventing us from making any attempt to escape), that Santa Anna had defeated Gen. Houston's army, and that the whole country was virtually in their possession. But in fact I did not seriously entertain for a moment the idea of remaining any longer where I was, comfortable as were my quarters, than I could possibly help; for I knew very well I would not be satisfied with such an inactive life, when my countrymen were all in the field battling against the merciless foe. So I retired to my sleeping apartment that night with the determination of renewing my search for a road the next morning, and to persevere in it until I succeeded.

During the night I heard the howl of several "lobo" wolves near the house, but of course I did not fear them within the walls of my castle. The fact is, I did not fear anything except a visit from marauding parties of Mexicans or Indians, against whom neither the log walls of my castle nor my two formidable looking carving knives would afford me much protection. Audubon, who is a recognized authority upon the subject of birds, if not beasts, told me that the lobo was the largest known species of wolf in the world, and certainly they are much larger than any on the American continent. They resemble the hyena in form as much or more than they do that of the common wolf. Their howl is also very different, and when camping out alone on the prairies, it always seemed to me to be the most mournful, doleful and "lonesome" sound I ever heard. Several instances have been known since the settlement of Texas of their attacking travelers when benighted on the prairies, and I was myself with a party of rangers who rescued a wayfarer from their clutches, and who, but for our timely arrival, would undoubtedly have been torn to pieces by them.

Nothing else occurred to disturb me during the night, and the next morning I rose betimes, and as soon as breakfast was over I shouldered my knapsack and set out, intending to make a thorough search for a road along the edge of the brake below. In the bottom to-day I noticed that many of the trees were putting forth their leaves, an indication that spring had fairly set in, and a variety of wild flowers were also beginning to make their appearance on the prairie.

To-day I came across a specimen of the jointed snake, the first I had ever seen. It was a small snake, not more than fifteen or twenty inches in length, and its skin had a vitrified or glassy appearance. It seemed to be rather sluggish and unwieldly, and when I struck it a slight tap with a small stick, to my great astonsishment, it broke into half a dozen pieces, each piece hopping off in a very lively way "on its own hook." I have since heard it asserted, that after a time the broken parts of the snake will come together and reunite and then crawl off as if nothing had happened to it; but I shall always be doubtful of the story until satisfactory vouchers of its truth, duly authenticated and sworn to, are produced.

About midday I noticed a cloud of dust rising in the prairie way off to my right, caused, as I at first supposed by a a large body of troops in motion. I was traveling near the edge of the cane brake, both for greater security and for fear I might pass by without observing it, some road leading across. I therefore quickly concealed myself behind a small thicket, from whence I could see all that was passing on the prairie. Presently I saw issue from the cloud of dust a dense body of horses, which, on their approach, I perceived were "uncurbed by bit and riderless." I supposed there

were at least six or seven hundred in the drove. I saw they would pass within a short distance of the thicket where I was concealed, and when nearly opposite, I suddenly sprang out in full view of them and gave a loud whoop They halted at once and with heads erect, stood for an instant looking at me in astonishment, then with the precision of a troop of cavalry, they wheeled about and went back in the direction they had come.

I continued on my way, and what I supposed I had traveled at least six or seven miles from where I had started to my great joy I came to a plain road, running from the prairie into the brake. I felt confident it would take me through it, but when I followed it a hundred yards or so into the brake, it came to an abrupt termination at a place where a large tree had been cut down and split into boards; There was not a vestige of a road beyond that point—nothing but almost solid walls of tall canes matted together with green briers and vines.

Sadly disappointed and dispirited, I retraced my steps to the prairie, and thence back towards—what I began now to regard as my permanent home, where I arrived a little after sunset, so "beat out" with my day's tramp that I turned into bed supperless, and slept like a log until roused at daylight by the crowing of my chickens and the squealing of my pigs. It may seem strange to some, that one accustomed to walking as I was, and after living upon the "fat of the land" as I had of late, should have been so much fatigued by a little tramp of twelve or fifteen miles—but that was precisely "what was the matter with Hanna." After starving for so long a time, I had indulged too freely in "fried chicken;" and besides, walking through the woods and prairies is not like traveling on a well beaten road. In the former your progress is often necessarily slow and laborious on account of having to force your way through rank grass and many creeping vines, that are constantly entangling one's legs, and occasionally tripping one up. Moreover the soles of your shoes soon become as slick as glass by rubbing on dry leaves and grass, so that you are frequently slipping backward instead of going forward.

Being determined to persevere in my attempt to find a road that would enable me to cross the brake, the next morning I shouldered my knapsack, and set out again in the direction I had taken two days previously when I made such a narrow escape from the lancers. Scout evidently seemed to think I was wandering about in a very aimless way, nevertheless he trotted along after me without asking any questions.

I traveled up the brake a mile or so beyond the point where I had turned back on the former occasion, examining closely every nook and bend for trails or roads. In this way I discovered one or two that had escaped my observation on my previous trip, but they "petered out" after going a short distance into the cane.

Finding no road or trail to answer my purpose, and night coming on, I encamped in some timber near the edge of the cane. A little after dark I heard a great many wild turkeys flying up to roost in the trees around my camp. The wolves howled incessantly, and once the sharp scream of a panther close by roused Scout from his slumber and he dashed off in the direction of the sound, but very soon came running back to camp with his tail between his legs. It was evident he wanted my "moral support," but I declined hunting panthers in the night with a carving knife. I felt no fear of them, however, in camp, as I had a blazing fire, which I took especial care to keep well supplied with fuel. I have been told that in India tigers have been known to come up to camp-fires and seize upon persons sleeping near them. This may be true, but there is no wild beast (with the exception of the grizzly bear) on the North American continent that will venture so near a blazing fire—at least I have never heard of an instance of the kind during the many years I have lived on the frontiers.

At daylight I was aroused from my slumbers by the clucking and gobbling of turkeys. There must have been several hundred of them upon the trees within fifty yards of where I was lying. One fat old fellow was sitting upon a limb not more than thirty feet from me, strutting and gobbling in the most impudent way. It seemed to me he knew I was particularly fond of roast turkey, and that he was "cutting up his didoes"

for no other purpose than to tantalize me with the display of his goodly proportions. Even when I got up and walked towards him, he took no notice of me, until I threw a stick at him, when he uttered an exclamation something like "what!" and soared away to his feeding grounds.

After breakfast I continued my route along the edge of the brake. When I had gone about two miles, I noticed a house on the prairie near a small grove of timber, half a mile or so to my left, and I concluded to go out and examine the premises. The house was a small log cabinn, surrounded by an enclosure containing perhaps a dozen or fifteen acres. It was poorly furnished and I saw nothing about the premises except some ducks and chickens.

As I did not know how long it might be before I should have a chance at "fried chicken" again, I determined to take toll of the poultry about this house. With the assistance of Scout I soon caught and killed two fat pullets and a duck, which I tied on the outside of my knapsack. I then took a plain road running near the house and nearly parallel with the brake, and when I had gone about a mile I met with an adventure that terminated in the most singluar and unaccountable manner. The road at that point was about a quarter of a mile from the brake. How it happened I did not see them sooner, I cannot imagine, unless I had fallen into what the negroes call a "fit of the mazes," but at any rate I suddenly found myself nearly opposite to two Mexican soldiers who were seated on the grass about forty paces to the left of the road. One of them was armed with a musket and the other with a lance, similar to those I had seen used by Mexican cavalry. Near them a horse, saddled, was grazing, and one of the soldiers held the end of his lariat in his hand. I have since thought the horse must have been lying down until I came near them, as otherwise I would have seen him sooner. As I have stated it was a quarter of a mile at least to the nearest part of the brake, and the idea flashed across my mind that after all my narrow escapes I was certainly caught at last. Retreat to the brake I knew was impossible, as they could easily overtake me on the horse, and for a moment I stood irresolute not knowing what course to pursue. But the very hopelessness of the case produced a feeling of recklessness as to consequences, and I leisurely continued my way along the road, at the same time trying to look unconcerned as possible and as if I didn't know (and didn't care) that a Mexican soldier was within five miles of me. All the while however, I was watching them closely As I passed them, they made no movement except to turn their heads and gaze at me apparently in the utmost astonishment, which considering the figure I cut, just at that time, is not to be wondered at. There is not the slightest doubt that I presented a very singular and anomalous appearance. I was tanned by long exposure to sun and weather until I was nearly as dark as an Indian; my cap resembled a Turkish turban, the leather front having been long since carried away in some of its frequent encounters with green briers and other thorny shrubs; my hunting shirt was ragged and blackened with sfoke, and my pantaloons, or what remained of them, were buttonless, and held up by a broad leather belt, from which a tin cup hung dangling on one side and two long carving knives on the other, and to complete this unique costume, my shoulders were surmounted by a portly knapsack, to which were tied the two pullets and the duck I had just killed. This "tout ensemble" of course accounts reasonably enough for the astonishment with which the soldiers gazed upon me as I passed, but still it does not satisfactorily explain their subsequent movements, especially as they could plainly see that with the exception of my two carving knives, I had no arms. However, they did not move until I had gone forty or fifty yards beyond them, when both suddenly rose to their feet and hastily mounted their horse, one behind the other. I of course supposed they intended to pursue me, but to my great wonder and astonishment as well as relief, they went off in the opposite direction, across the prairie, as fast as they could urge their horses on with whip and spur. The one mounted behind had a short whip called a "quirt," and as far as I could see them distinctly, his quirt was incessantly and vigorously applied to the flanks of their steed, and every now and

then I could see them looking back as if they expected me to follow them.

What they took me for I am at loss to imagine, but if they had taken me for Old Nick himself I would not have quarreled with them on that score, in consideration of the expeditious manner in which they had left the field—not staying even to say "adios."

For fear, however, I might not prove to be such a terrible object to other struggling parties of Mexicans whom I might possibly meet with on this road, I left it, and did not halt until I came to the brake. There I stopped to rest a while, and hold a "council of war" with Scout, as to what was to be done next. Scout, although he expressed no opinion on the subject, I determined to set to work regularly and cut my way through the brake, if it took me a month to do it. It seemed very strange to me at the time, that settlers on Old Caney did not cut roads through it when they retreated before the Mexican army. But subsequently, when I mentioned the matter to one who lived on Caney when the settlers abandoned their homes there, he told me that all living on the south side had cut roads from their houses across the brake. This statement was confirmed to some extent by the fact that no one, unless closely searching for it as I was, would have suspected the existence of a road where I found one.

In pursuance of the course I had determined to follow, after resting a while, Scout and I started back to our old quarters, and about an hour before sunset I crossed the strip of cane and the bridge of logs over the bayou and entered the little prairie in which my domicil was situated. As I was proceeding leisurely towards the house, it occurred to me that it might be well to examine again the north side of the prairie bordering the main brake which heretofore I had only partially done. With this intention I left the path I was following, and when I had gone a few hundred yards I came to a trail leading towards the brake along which the marks of wagon wheels were dimly visible. This I followed until it led me into an indentation in the brake, which was so narrow and so well concealed by bushes and cane as to be barely perceptible at the distance of a few paces. Still following the traces of wagon wheels, I came on the farther side of this nook to a newly cut road wide enough for the passage of a wagon and team.

As I walked along my attention was suddenly drawn to two large black objects in the road a short distance ahead of me. I stopped a moment to ascertain what they were, and as I did so, Scout gave a low growl and retreated behind me. By the dim light that struggled through the overlapping canes I at length discovered that these black objects were two large bears, standing perfectly still in the road, and apparently waiting for us to come up. For an instant I thought of retreating, but on reflection, as I had never heard of any one being attacked by black bears unless wounded, I screwed up my courage (nearly breaking the screw-driver in the attempt) and resolved to pass them if I could. There was no chance to go around them, for the cane was so thick on both sides of the road, I might almost as well have tried to penetrate a solid wall. So I drew up my longest carving knife, and boldly (apparently) advanced towards them. They stood perfectly still until I was within eight or ten feet of them, when they commenced growling, and looked large and ferocious, and so bent on disputing my right of way, I felt more than half inclined (as Scout had done already) "to tuck my tail" and beat a hasty retreat. But I knew it was too late to turn back, and that any show of timidity would embolden them to attack if they had not intended doing so. I therefore continued to advance, and my apparent boldness seemed to daunt them a little (if they had only known how badly I was scared I am sure they would have seized me) and when almost near enough to have touched them, one of them suddenly drew off to one side of the road and one to the other, and Scout and I passed between them. As we went between them, they showed their white teeth and growled so fiercely that every instant I I expected they would rush upon us, but they did not, nor did they attempt to follow us. All the while Scout kept close at my heels with his tail between his legs—the first and last time I ever saw him completely cowed.

(Continued Next Month)

FRONTIER TIMES

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Almost five years ago the editor of Frontier Times came to Bandera. We had not been here long before we uncovered a wondrful lot of local history. We found many citizens who had been living here since the early fifties and sixties, men and women who helped develop the country. Within a very short time we set about to organize an Old Settlers' Association, and we are happy to say that our plans have progressed far beyond our expectations. On July 3rd and 4th the Bandera County Old Settlers held their third annual reunion, which was one of the most delightful affairs it was our good fortune to attend. Old men and women, who had not seen each other in thirty, forty and fifty years, were brought together and such a joyous gathering we cannot adequately describe. Some came from distant parts, some from other counties to participate in the reunion. Old time sports were arranged, an old fashioned spelling match from the old Blue Back Spelling book, an old fiddlers' contest, old time dancing, a men's beauty contest, horseshoe pitching contest. bronco riding, roping, a gander-pullin', and other things that were usually to be found at barbecues forty years ago. And a pig barbecue dinner each day helped to make the occasion enjoyable. The reunion was held in a shady grove where plenty of rustic seats had been provided for the comfort of everybody. A large dance platform had been provided for the old folks and also one for the young folks, and the old folks danced the old dances, while the young folks looked on or danced the modern dances on the other platform. The old settlers of Bandera county were made younger by the reunion just held, and they will look forward to the next reunion in anticipation of another happy gathering. Every county in the state should have an Old Settlers' organization. It's worth while.

Please mention Frontier Times to your friends and ask them to subscribe.

Tell Your Neighbor.

We want to enlist the aid of every old frontiersman and patriotic Teran in our efforts to make Frontier Times a success. We need you, friends. We have undertaken the task of establishing a little magazine for your special interest. As our circulation increases the expense of publication grows, and as we are depending solely on the income from subscriptions to meet the expense of production you can readily see that we must have the help of our friends. You can help us by getting your friends to subscribe and by promptly renewing your own subscription. Don't worry about our supply of material giving out. We have enough historical data in hand to keep Frontier Times going for many years, and we are getting more data all the time. You will never have another magazine just like Frontier Times, for many of the men and women who helped to make this kind of history have passed away, and others are following them daily. Twenty-five years ago we began collecting history for just this kind of a magazine, to pe published some time in the future. That time has arrived, and you now have Frontier Times. Won't you help us to sustain it by renewing your subscription and tell all of your friends about the plain little magazine which is published at Bandera, Texas?

Frontier Times needs every subscriber that can be enrolled on its list. We are making the subscriptions pay the cost of production of this little magazine. We know we have a publication that is different from anything that is offered the reading public and we know its contents to be true history, just the kind every boy and girl in the state should read. If you will tell your friends about Frontier Times you will help us to get more subscribers. We have not solicited advertising because our circulation has not yet reached the point where we can demand an advertising rate that we hope to maintain. Owing to the drouth which has spread over the state our subscriptions have not been coming in as promptly as formerly and we have thus received a set-back, but we are not discouraged by any means, and we will continue to get the little magazine out on time. Tell your friends about it.

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